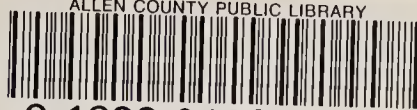


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Jane A. Gould:
her journal

Begun in
MITCHELL COUNTY, IOWA
Sunday, April 27, 1862

Ended in
STOCKTON, CALIFORNIA
Wednesday, October 8, 1862

Copied from a typewritten carbon copy
loaned by T. T. Tourtellott, son of the
author, Route 3, Box 440, San Jose, Calif.

Copy by Philip O. Olson, Route 2, Box
334, Oswego, Oregon---1951.

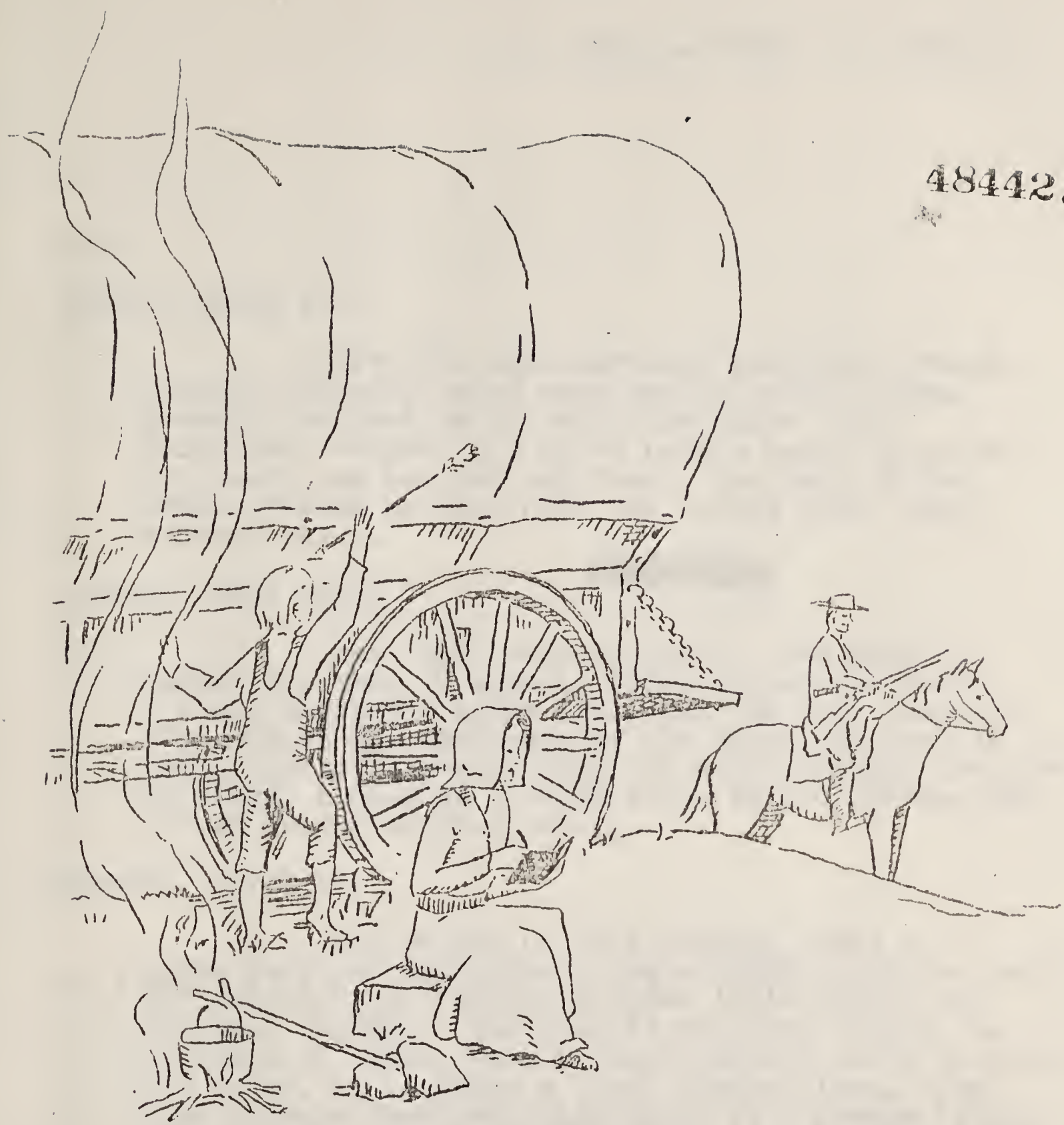
Notes refer to "A Trip Across the Plains
in 1862," a diary by Hamilton Scott, with
notes by Alvin Saring. They were members
of an ox train from Iowa to Oregon led by
John K. Kennedy.

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Jane A. Gould:
her journal

Oregon-California Trail
1862

Rec'd May 14-1917 9

1862

Sunday, April 27,

Left home this morning, traveled through sloughy prairie, found some hay in an old stack, nooned, and went on to camp four miles from Chickisaw, camped in a grove near a house where we got grain and hay for our teams, the lady of the house offered us some milk but we had that, came sixteen miles.

2040220

Monday, April 28th,

Arose this morning early. Gus went on before us, when we came to train he had run under a place where the cover would not go, they fastened the oxen to the back part of the wagon and drew it back. Passed through Chickisaw and Bradford, traveled 16 miles, camped at a small place called Norton, had a very pretty camping place.

Tuesday, April 29,

When we got up this morning found a white frost on everything, the weather is rather cool for camping yet, having no stove it is rather unpleasant cooking. Our road is very good today, we traveled 20 miles, came through Waverly which is on the Red Cedar, it is quite a brisk little place, also came through Shellrock City which is a pretty little town with a splendid water power. Camped in a grove.

Wednesday, April 30,

It was raining this morning when we awoke, had to get breakfast in the rain, having no tent, came three miles, stopped at Willoughby to get the horses shod. It is a small prairie town in Butler Co. We also passed through New Hartford a little town on Beaver Creek, we came several miles on the Beaver Bottoms, it is a low, swampy country, stayed all night on the bank (?) of the same stream, could get no hay for the teams, rained hard nearly all night, rained through the cover, so we were wet some in the morning. Made 15 miles today.

1862

Thursday, May 1,

Took nearly an hour to build a fire this morning the ground was very wet and the wind blew cold from the north west. Started late, bought some hay during the forenoon, carried it in bundles, nooned in a grove, camped for night near an old house which served as a wind breaker, we were right across the way from Fountain Post Office, had to go back a mile for hay, travelled 23 miles.

Friday, May 2,

Left camp quite early, nooned in the edge of the timber, passed through Eldora a little prairie town in Hardin Co., had to carry hay 3 miles. Camped on the South Fork of the Iowa, didn't get to camp till sundown, made biscuits and baked them in the house near where we stopped. We learned we were one day behind the Mitchell Californians, some boys came with some eggs to sell, we bought some of them, came 23 miles.

Saturday, May 3,

Travelled most of the time in Marshall Co., nooned in a grove in an Irish settlement, in the afternoon passed an old camping ground on Minerva creek where we camped two years ago. We started at two o'clock across a twelve mile prairie not knowing it was so far and kept going and going till it came dark, finally came to a house about nine o'clock but the man could let us have no hay so there was nothing to do but go on a mile farther, we made a fire and boiled some coffee, bought some bread, were just eating when Gus came up with the ox team, the men did not get to bed till twelve. We had company in camping, two men going to Pike's Peak.

Sunday, May 4,

Sunday this morning and after being up so late we did not feel like hurrying. The Pike Peakors brought over a pail full of new milk for us, came over a six mile prairie to Nevada, a prairie town the county seat of Story Co. Came through a slough threefourths of a mile across. The mud was knee deep to the horses and not a resting spell, it was Skunk river

bottom. We crossed the river to a little town Cambridge, could get no hay so we came out of town a mile and camped in the prairie.

1862

Monday, May 5,

Started early this morning, came over a very good country mostly prairie, nooned in a grove near a creek, found the Mitchell Californians a goodly company of seven wagons, stopped for night just west of Des Moines, came through the town; it is a nice flourishing town the capital of Iowa, the state house is of brick, there is an excellent bridge over the Des Moines river.

Tuesday, May 6,

Started at ten o'clock, traveled thirteen miles, camped on Sugar Creek, camped with a family moving from Des Moines.

Wednesday, May 7,

Left Sugar Creek early came ten miles and ferried Coon River at a town named Adel, the county town of Dallas Co., came 19 miles, camped near a town on a little creek.

Thursday, May 8,

It was late when we left our camp, came nine miles and camped to wash and wait for the other teams. I began washing at four and did a real large wash, got it spread out at sunset, was tired enough to go to bed. We staid by a woolen factory.

Friday, May 9,

The other teams came up, we went to the ferry but the most of the company preferred to ford at a very steep ford, and did, we were among the rest. Nooned on the prairie. Camped at six o'clock on the prairie a mile west of Dalmanutha a prairie burgh in Guthrie Co. The timber in this part of the country is very sparse, the prairie is rolling, we have excellent roads. Traveled 20 miles.

1862

Saturday, May 10,

Left our camp soon after sunrise, came sixteen miles over good roads, nooned in the road in front of a tavern, boiled some eggs on the stove of one of our neighbors, traveled most of the afternoon on the Turkey river bottom, it is beautiful land, the prairies look quite green. Camped near a little creek. The boys brought in some plum blossoms they were very refreshing.

Sunday, May 11,

Started rather late this morning, had a very pleasant forenoon, came through a small town by the name of Grove City, saw there a wildcat in a cage, they feed it on chickens and meat, he looked real angry, would paw at a stick when the children put one through the bars. We crossed the Turkey, on its banks were near a dozen wagons laying over for the Sabbath. (the women were washing). We came a mile and a half and camped at Lewis, the county town of Cass Co., it is a small town on the prairie, we stopped at noon to wait till Monday, it is showery, most all of the families are cooking beans today. Rained hard all night.

Monday, May 12,

The rain had ceased when we arose, the sky was clear with a northwest wind, traveled over a rolling prairie, nooned on a small prairie creek, came on a ridge road all of the afternoon, we were without water and almost suffered for the want of it, at last came to a house where we found some real good water. Camped at night on the bank of a small creek, we bought some wood, there were some thirty wagons of all, had some fiddling in the evening in one of the tents.

Tuesday, May 13,

We left our encampment on the creek at seven this morning, have passed through some very pretty country, a beautiful grove and crossed the West Nishnebotny (?) where there was a grist mill, met some pretty little girls going to school, stopped for noon on the prairie at ten o'clock, stopped early on account of the heat. Went off from the road half a mile to camp on account of

there being no food on the road, found a spring which by digging out some yielded very good water. The country over which we came today has been rather rough but good land.

1862

Wednesday, May 14,

The weather was warm and fair this morning, had a fine road, nooned near a little prairie creek, near its banks we found a spring of nice cool water. After going some ten miles we came to the Missouri river bottom which is very bad, after five miles of this road we came to Council Bluffs, a real lively town in this season of the year when there are so many fitting out for the trip to and beyond the Rocky Mountains. We camped here at night, some of us climbed the bluffs back of town where we had a good view of the town. Some of the men stood guard over the teams, we having heard of some of the emigrants losing horses.

Thursday, May 15,

We did our trading today in this town and in the afternoon crossed the river on the ferry boat "Lizzy Baylis". The old Missouri has the same muddy appearance here as ever. We came right through Omaha, the capital of Nebraska, the state house is a very pretty building of brick painted white, it is situated on an eminence and can be seen from Bluff City. We camped one mile west of town on a little creek, there are a large number of campers here before us.

NOTE:- (Stayed here till May 28th.)

Friday, May 16,

We are to stay some time to recruit our teams at this place, most of the women of our company are washing. I am baking, I made some yeast bread for the first time for three weeks which tasted very good after eating hot biscuits for so long.

Saturday, May 17,

Awoke this morning, found it raining hard as it could pour down, the men went out of the wagon, made some coffee and warmed some beans and brought the breakfast to the wagon which we all crowded into, used a trunk for a table and made out

a very comfortable meal. After eating, we put the dishes under the wagon where they remained till four o'clock, when the rain ceased, and I left the shelter of the wagon for the first time today. It had grown very cold through the day, most of the men were wet through.

1862

Sunday, May 18,

The air was pure this morning but very cold, we were all shivering till about nine, when the sun shone out clear and made the air much warmer. I went out with the children to take a walk and gather flowers. We went in a path through the hazel bushes, saw some ~~hazet~~ hardnuts laying the ground, we picked up some and cracked and finding them good gathered two quarts, which were quite a luxury this time of the year. Some of the women are washing Sunday though it be. Two gents and their ladies of our company went out horse-back riding for their healths.

Monday, May 19 was fair.

(The following entry is crossed out with the note in margin.)

The weather was fair this morning but towards noon it clouded up. Our company all left us to go on. We are detained waiting for a part of our company. While we were preparing our supper it began to rain so that by the time supper was ready we were slightly dampened, and what was worse we had to eat in the rain.

Wednesday, May 21,

Raining yet this morning, has been clear by spells, but showery yet.

Thursday, May 22,

Pleasant but cool and windy. Washed again today. Looking for the rest of the company.

Friday, May 23,

Very warm today, went across the brook and found some hardnuts, also went on the top of a hill from where I could overlook Council Bluffs and Omaha and the Missouri River at the ferry.

Mistake
Type written
→ Tuesday, May 20th

1862

Saturday, May 24,

Still waiting, no one can imagine how tiresome to wait so long in your wagon with nothing to do, till they have tried it.

Sunday, May 25,

Our friends have not made their appearance yet. The weather is fair today. I left Gus to keep house and went for more hardnuts, gathered near two quarts, before I came away Albert came and helped me. The sun shown to very warm it was quite a relief to get back to the wagons, where we had a fine time cracking and eating them.

Monday, May 26,

Arose this morning early, the sky was clear and the sun shone very warmly. I did quite a large washing-day, especially where one has to be in the sun with no shade. Just as I ~~was~~ had prepared supper and we were just about sitting down to eat Albert looked up and said "That looks like Old Frank and that's father, I know." and sure enough it was Father Gould and Lucy with him. I was overjoyed to see them at last. As soon as they came the men pitched the tent, we visited till near midnight.

Tuesday, May 27,

We did not travel today, staid for the newcomers to wash and do some shopping. In the afternoon Lucy, Charlie, Father and I went to Omaha, Lou and Charlie for the purpose of getting their miniatures taken, but the light was not good so he was not able to take them. Father got some lemonade for the ladies.

~~Remark~~ NOTE:--(been here since May 16th.)

Wednesday, May 28,

Left our encampment this morning all in good spirits and glad to be on our way. The roads were very good, passed over some very pretty country. Nooned near a little creek, while we were eating on the ground there came along a peddler, we invited him to eat with us which he did very readily.

washing today, found the sun rather warm for

He gave Albert a fiddle string. Camped late at night a half mile west of Ellhorn village, we camped close to the river, in the night there came up a very hard storm, the wind blew fiercely for nearly two hours.

1862

Thursday, May 29,

Did not start early this morning. Traveled over some beautiful bottom land. In the forenoon we came in sight of the Platte River off to the left probably six or eight miles from. We nooned on the prairie. Camped two miles east of Fremont. ———us.

Friday, May 30,

Left our encampment about nine o'clock, we were not in a hurry on account of the rain and bad roads. While we were breakfasting this morning there was an Indian came in, he asked for something to eat, we gave him some doughnuts, we offered him some milk which he declined, he peered around sometime and finally said "coffee is good, sugar too." So I gave him some coffee with sugar in it, he took it and stirred it well and drank it leisurely with his biscuits. We asked him if he was Pawnee, he said yes. Albert asked him if the Sioux were good, he said "Sioux in no good, Cheyennes no good, Omaha good, Ottoes very good, Swanees good." He had a bow and arrows, he wanted the men to set up a piece of money for him to shoot at. Gus finally set up a three cent piece which he brought down. Nooned on the prairie, just as we ~~gamm~~ had got our table set on the ground the rain began to come. We moved it up so that it was partially sheltered, we were somewhat dampened before we finished our dinner. The rain ceased before it was time to go, so Lou and I shot at a mark with a revolver, the boys said we did first rate for new beginners. Camped at night at North Bend on the bank of the Platte. There was an Indian wigwam near where we stoped, we saw twenty or thirty Indians, some squaws and one little papoose.

Saturday, May 31,

Passed over level country near the Plattox. Nooned near a little creek called in the guide book Shell Creek. Charlie went to the creek and tried to catch a fish but could not, he could find no bait. Camped at night about 80 rods from the road near a house where there was a postoffice. Gus was fiddling in the evening and two ladies and one gent came over. Albert played some, they wished us to come up to the

(My brother has the fiddle Albert br'st to Calif.)

In handwriting

house and have a little dance but Albert feeling rather indisposed we declined the invitation.

1862

Thursday, June 1,

We arose this morning and found the air very warm and pleasant. Albert was quite ill this morning and was not able to sit up much ~~for~~ till most night. We stopped at noon to rest for the rest of the day. We went from the road about half of a mile, staid near and old Tawnee village (that had been) there were several Indians around the camp, I don't like them. These are real intelligent looking ones. We are near the Loup Fork.

Monday, June 2,

Came through a small town by the name of Columbus three miles from where we camped. Put some letters in the office, bought a tinble. We came a mile from town to the ferry of Loup Fork, we forded part way and ferried the rest on a rope ferry. We saw more Indians driving ponies. Nooned on the prairie near some other emigrants, whom I think likely we will fall in company with, camped for night on the banks of Looking Glas creek, 'twas a very pleasant place. Had a nice cold spring of water with gravel bottom, something unusual for this part of the country. Albert went fishing and caught two fish about as long as one's finger. I cooked one for him, his appetite is rather capricious he not being well.

Tuesday, June 3,

~~Thursday, June 3, we were encamped early this morning~~

Left our encampment early this morning. After two miles traveling came to a little long lake where we found very nice, soft, clear water, we watered out teams here. There are very many beautiful islands in the Platte, they are mostly timbered with cottonwood, but occasionally we see some covered with cedar and some elm. I should like to have a boat so as to take a boat ride once in a while. Nooned on the banks of the Platte near several beautiful little islands. In the afternoon we passed a lonely nameless grave on the prairie, it had a headboard. It called up a sad train of thoughts, to my mind it seems so sad to think of being buried and left alone in so wild a country with no one to plant a flower or shed a tear over one's grave. Camped on the Platte bottom half a mile from the road opposite to an island, we had wood which we carried with us, found a well with good water in it.

1861

Wednesday, June 4,

Had an early start this morning, beautiful morning it was too, clear, bright and warm. We traveled nearly ten miles I should think, booned on the Platte banks, the boys waded across on to an island and brought some chips in a sack which were sufficient to get our supper with. Camped near the banks of the Platte again. Here the men partly organized, chose their Captain, his name is Wilson, he has been through to California once before.

Thursday, June 5,

Arose this morning at four o'clock therefore had an early start. Traveled ten miles, we passed another grave this forenoon, his name was on the headband, he was buried in 1861, he was twenty years old. Have passed quite a number of good farms. We hear that this is a Mormon settlement. If there was plenty of timber this would be a beautiful farming country, the farmers have a home market for all they can raise and get a great price for it too. Booned near the river. We have seen some indications of alkali for the last two days. Have passed two or three beer shops and toward night came to a sawmill and corn mill, the latter is a government mill to grind corn for the Indians. We also saw quite a sight for this part of the world, a large two story frame house not quite done yet. Camped on the banks of Wood river a nice little stream. Went to a dance in the evening, went two miles with horned horses, walked home. Arrived at home at twelve o'clock.

Friday, June 6,

It was a very hard task to arouse ourselves sufficiently to arise this morning at four, but we did so. The weather is beautiful. Lou and I walked some time this forenoon, while we were walking we saw four graves in an enclosure, they all looked as if they had been made at the same time, there being a house near, we stopped to the door and inquired about them, found that they were the graves of a father and three sons who were murdered by the Indians last February, they went to the woods for wood and never came back, they were found dead, the teams were gone, twas supposed they were killed for the teams, the Indians were Sioux or Cheyennes, they never know which. Camped for night on the banks of Wood river, had plenty of wood, drove the teams across the creek for grass.

headboard (error in typing this copy)

1862

Saturday, June 7,

Left our camp early this morning, came over level prairie, the grass is very poor, it is of a bluish color, the cattle don't eat it at all. Hooped on the banks of Good river again near a house, the little boys went into the creek bathing. Camped for night on the flatto. McDerridge took the spade and dug a whole for water which was soon filled with water much clearer and better than the flatto water, we washed some.

Sunday, June 8,

Did not start till one o'clock today, our cattle were well rested. This camp is a little above opposite to Ft. Kearney, we heard the night and morning gun. We were in sight of the flag yesterday, the river is so high that we were unable to get across although we were very anxious to, to get letters. The road this afternoon has been through where there were many prairie dog knolls, making the road more uneven than is usual for this country. We crossed two deep dry ravines, camped near a small creek, got some willows for wood, the water is very poor. There were three wagons of emigrants camped when we got there.

Monday, June 9,

There is quite a high south wind this morning which makes it very disagreeable traveling on account of the dust, there has been no rain for sometimes and so much travel on the road, beats up the earth into dust. Hooped on the banks of Buffalo creek. The men have seen several antelope but have had no chance to shoot at them, they are very shy. Had a very pleasant camping place on Buffalo creek. The men shot a skunk near by the camp which was not very agreeable to the company generally. Prepared for a storm but none came.

Tuesday, June 10,

Did not start very early. Albert and one of the other boys went in pursuit of some antelope that they saw, walked five miles, joined us on the road where we watered the teams, one of Capt. Wilson's cows got in to a slough. Went 10 miles without water or food for our teams, did not get dinner for ourselves, some of us ate a cracker and some did not.

Had to turn off the road four or five miles to get to the river, where we camped for night: The boys played around till dark, although there were signs of rain they went to bed and called to Albert to come and stake down the tent I tried to get him not to do it but he would. We finally did have a very hard storm, thundered and lightened real hard, did not get wet much, Albert stood guard but had on a rubber coat so did not suffer from the rain. The grass here is very poor it is supposed to have been run out by the buffalo.

Wednesday, June 11,

Did not start early on account of the ground being so wet and muddy. Traveled within a mile or two of the river all of the forenoon. Nooned on the prairie near a slough where the teams had good food and drink. Lou and I went calling on a new neighbor who has a sick child. Have been near the river most of the time since noon. Pitched our tent within a few feet of the river, the sky was very clear when we went to bed but about one o'clock the wind began to blow, had quite a hard blow but no rain.

Thursday, June 12,

Left early this morning, traveled three miles when we came to some low sandy bluffs which come to the river, we came through a good deal of water, the Platte being high it had run over the road, I had to drive, when I came to some quite deep water the camp, kettle floated off, the watering pail also. I caught the kettle with the whipstall but the pail was too far back for me to catch, so I left it for Gus to pick up. The road was very sandy and hard for the teams across the bluffs. Here we found a new kind of flower which is ^{very} pretty. Nooned near the river, had excellent grass for the beasts. Passed three graves this afternoon one of them had a silk handkerchief put on the end of a stick, which was placed at the head of his grave, he was shot accidentally last month, he lived seven hours. Camped at night on the prairie near a slough, got water from a hole dug in the ground.

Friday, June 13,

We left our encampment early, the weather was very warm. After two miles travel we came to the nicest spring of cold water I ever saw, the place filled was eight feet across, the water boiled up in the center in the midst of white sand, made

quite a large creek. This morning when we started I should think there were a hundred teams in sight at one time. There were three large companies camped close by where we did. Had very good roads, crossed Cassien (?) Creek. A lady in our train was thrown from her horse and injured quite severely, they sent on ahead a mile for a doctor who was in the next train. Camped on the Platte banks, were threatened with a storm but only rained a few drops. Used buffalo chips for the first time.

Saturday, June 14,

'Twas not very early when we started this morning, we had several sloughs to cross when we first started and after that we came to very sandy, low bluffs which we passed over. Nooned in the midst of them where we found a pond of water and some poor feed for the cattle. We see more cactus today than we have seen before. Yesterday we passed the junction of the two Platts, - the north and south. We followed the north on the north side. Had a better road in the afternoon. Wind blow very hard. Camped on the banks of North Bluff Fork to stay over Sunday, there was a large encampment there. Had quite a blow just after we had our supper dishes done.

Sunday, June 15th,

We did not rise very early this being Sunday. Did our washings in the forenoon, took our clothes to the river to rinse. This is a beautiful stream, nice sand bottom, six rods wide and eighteen inches deep, and with clear water which is quite a rarity here. Had preaching in our company in the afternoon, a very good sermon, had quite a congregation. This is the eighth day since we have seen a human habitation. Had another quite a hard blow.

Monday, June 16th,

Had some trouble about finding our cattle this morning so we did not get started as early as we should. Travelled nearly all of the forenoon over sandy bluffs, the sandiest roads I ever saw. It is put down in the guide book as Sandy Bluff east foot. We nooned near a little creek not far from the river. We passed another lonely grave today, it was made on a bluff of the sand. Had a sandy road most of the time for two days. Camped half a mile south of the road on the Platt. The stream is getting much smaller now. ~~Two or three of the men went to shoot some jack rabbits but did not get any. The captain and his brother----~~
NOTE:- (The above two last lines have pen line drawn through them.)

Tuesday, June 17,

We were up sometime before the sun this morning, therefore had an early start, the air was cool and pleasant. We had another range of sandy bluffs to cross this forenoon, the land was very level. Have crossed several beautiful creeks, very clear, saw some alkali on the ground. Mr. Jeff, Charlie, and Albert went onto the side of the bluffs to shoot at some jack rabbits which we saw but did not get any, they are about twice as large as our common rabbit. The Captain and his brother went in pursuit of some buffalo, have not yet returned. We nooned near a little spring creek, a very pretty place. Crossed several nice little creeks. The banks on the south side of the river come quite down to the water, they are somewhat rocky, this afternoon the first rocks we have seen since we left Omaha. Camped on the Platte where the banks are stony, there are some small cedar trees (the stone and trees on the south side). Went two miles for chips.

Wednesday, June 18,

There was plenty of alkali where we camped, the place was damp, low ground, when I got up this morning my shoes had a streak of saleratus clear around them. The road was somewhat sandy for a few miles, have crossed four or five creeks which are spring creeks from the bluffs. We have found some rocks on the bluffs north of the road today for the first time. On the south side, between the road and the river the land is swampy with flags and bulrushes growing, the bottom is not more than three miles wide here. We crossed one creek which ran at the foot of the bluffs, the banks were rather steep at the crossing and just below they were almost perpendicularly ten feet high clay banks. Nooned on the prairie without water. After going a mile and a half we crossed what is called Wolf Creek at the foot of some sandy bluffs which we have to cross, they are very bad indeed, the worst road we have had yet. After crossing then we go along at the foot of the bluffs for sometime. Camped for night near Latch Creek, a kind of swampy creek.

Thursday, June 19,

It was early this morning when we arose, the mosquitoes were very troublesome. Lou and I walked awhile. Crossed two creeks. Passed Ash Hollow which is on the south side of the river, here we saw a large train of emigrants come to the river, they have been in sight all day. Crossed Castle Creek three miles west of Ash Hollow. Nooned opposite to Castle Bluffs.

1862

- 15 - June 19. Sunday. Very warm.

The bluffs look like some old castles, there is no timber yet. There are a very many small islands in the river here but they are destitute of timber. We traveled or better herd all of the afternoon but not near the river. We kept going and going thinking to come to some creek but did not. We did not camp till sundown, by the time we were put out it was dark, we had no wood but a little dry for kindling. We used that to boil some coffee and ate some crackers and went to bed, - that is after a man took care of the teams. Camped on a low bluff, passed the grave of a woman who died this spring.

Friday, June 20th,

Did not get started as early as usual. Only crossed one creek which was Crab Creek, saw some new kind of cactus flower, it is straw color, is a little larger than a wild rose. Just after we crossed Crab Creek we came to some bluffs which some of the boys climbed from whence they could see Chimney Rock which is forty miles above here on the river. Saw a notice near the road warning emigrants to take care of their cattle for they had had twelve head stolen by the Indians, there were three horses and nine cattle. Hooped on the banks of the Platte. Had quite a good road till we came to some sand bluffs where we found very hard road, gravel. Camped at the foot of some bluffs that look like ancient ruins, it is called Bluff Ruins in the guide book, I never saw anything as curious, I would like to have been able to have gone to see them. After we camped there came up a hard thunder shower, we were just eating our supper when it came up, it did us no harm. The men went up to the bluffs, saw Chimney Rock from the hills as we came over it looks about as large as a telegraph post from here.

Saturday, June 21st,

The air was very pure and cool this morning after the rain, as soon as we were fairly on the road we came in sight of Court House Rock, which can be seen fifteen or twenty miles, it is on the south side of the river nine miles from the river. We don't cross as many creeks as we have done lately. The road is sandy this forenoon. Hooped near the Platte, got water from a dug spring. In the afternoon it was very warm, with a south wind. Crossed some low sandy bluffs not as bad nearly as we have crossed. Camped near the river. Prepared for a storm again, this time we got the rain, rained nearly till midnight. Passed the grave of a little girl.

1860

Sunday, June 22,

Did not start till late, the weather is warm but the roads are not dusty. The grass is not good here now has it been for several days. Charley's team got set this morning, one of the bow keys came out and one of the cows came unyoked in the slough. The alkali is very strong and very plentiful in this section of the country, our road has been on lowland today, but not wet generally. Hooped nearly opposite to Glimmer Rock. Have come in sight of the telegraph posts again it is on the south side of the river. We have found lately some very pretty varieties of flowers, among which are some which look very much like white poppies, another kind is a white primrose is very pretty. Our road is not good this afternoon, is full of ruts. Went off from the road some way to camp. Were near two traders who lived in a tent made of buffalo skins, they had some squaws living with them. We saw some of the halfbreed papposes, they were real cunning. There was an old Indian Chief with his family lived near them, he and his squaw came to see us, he had a paper stating that he was a good Indian and friendly to the whites, his name was Long Chin, well named too, he showed us his likeness, which he had taken when he was in Washington, he said "many my squaws shake hands when in Washington." Charlie has just had his hair shingled. The old chief rubbed his hand over his (Charlie's) head and said, "Pawnee, Pawnee no good." then laughed. (The Pawnees have their heads sheared mostly.) Rained last night.

Monday, June 23,

It was somewhat cloudy this morning when we arose. Had a rough road this forenoon, stopped for noon near the Platte, it is filled with small islands. The boys have gone bathing. There is the grave of a woman near here, the tire of a wagon is bent up and put up for a head and foot stone, her name and age is filed upon it. Our road was not very good. Turned off the road to a small creek where we found a good spring of water, quite a rarity nowadays. The name of the creek is Spring Creek. We passed another trading post ~~later~~ in the afternoon. We were visited by some Indians with some game to sell, likewise a squaw with her pappose on her back, we were frying some meat the little fellow reached out his hand & for some, we gave him some crackers which he ate very eagerly. Had a small shower in the evening.

Tuesday, June 24,

Were up rather late this morning, but had a choice breakfast of antelope meat which was brought us by Mr. Bullwinkle, some that he bought of the Indians. He brought it for us to cook on spars, it was really delicious. We passed through a small Indian village

(a temporary one) this forenoon, we saw that they had over a hundred ponies, there were sixteen wagons. The road has been better today. Hooped on the Platte banks, while we were eating our lunch there was an Indian chief rode up on a nice mule, his bridle was covered with silver plates, he had the Hassenic emblems on it. He, the Indian, was dressed in grand style; he had a looking glass and comb suspended by a string, had a fan, and silver ornaments made of half dollars made into money pieces. I can't describe half the ornaments that he wore, he was really good looking for an Indian, he wore earrings as much as eight inches long made of clamshells, beads, and silver. We came near some rocks on the north side of the road in the side of some bluffs, the first rocks we have seen close by since we left the Missouri. Georgio, Frank, and I went to them. I put some small stones in some of the crevices, the river was near on the south. Camped on the banks of the Platte, here we found timber for the first time for two hundred miles, it was really refreshing to see some once more, the cattle thought so too I guess for as soon as they were unyoked they each went to a tree and began to rub. Saw Laramie Peak today for the first time.

Wednesday, June 25th,

We had an early start this morning, the road was sandy and the day warm. Hooped on the Platte banks near some timber they drove the cattle across on to an island, when they went for them they were obliged to disrobe and swim for them. The Indians came around, so many that we hardly had a chance to get our dinners. They were very anxious to "swap" moccasins and lariats for money, powder, and whiskey, but we had none to trade. Carley traded a little iron teakettle for a lariat. Two of them shot at a mark with Albert's gun with Albert; he beat them. Our road this afternoon was quite sandy, the wind blew hard towards night which made it very disagreeable for our eyes. Camped on the bank of the Platte opposite an island, camped close by a company of seven teams, our men guarded with the other company.

Thursday, June 26,

Did not get a very early start. Our road was quite sandy, the bottom land was made yellow with the blossoms of the wild sunflower and dotted with the white pyramos, we have been in sight of timber all day, passed a little squad of Indian tents, there was a blacksmith shop kept by a white man. Met a light covered wagon filled with squaws and halfbreed children. Hooped a mile above Pt. Laramie on the opposite side of the river. We found no feed for the teams so they did not unyoke them, although we staid there hours for a man to go for our letters. He had to pay a dollar for being taken over in a skiff, it took but five or ten minutes to go over in the low

river, there is a ford. We were very much disappointed at not being able to go over to see the Ft. There was an Indian who had been buried in a tree close by where we nooned, he was wrapped in a buffalo robe, he was laid on some poles on branches of a tree, he had not been buried but a few days. There were acres of wild roses, whose we were they were really beautiful. The men got back with our letters, we had two. We went four miles up the river and camped. Had a very pleasant place for camping, but not very good feed. We guarded our teams with another company.

Friday, June 27th,

Had an early start this morning, began climbing hills and kept doing so all day. They are the Black Hills or a part of them. We nooned on the side hill, had to drive the cattle half a mile ~~x~~ for water, had but very little for ourselves in the can. The hills are partly covered with pine and cedar. While we were nooning a man came along and told us there was a spring only a mile and a half ahead of us, it seemed a long mile to us. We were all very thirsty indeed, when we got there we found twenty or thirty teams there getting drinking water, there were two springs but ~~is~~ very small ones, so it was very slow work filling our cans. We traveled up and down some of the steepest hills that I ever saw, but I suppose that they are only a beginning to what we shall have to go over. Had to lock both hind wheels to the wagon. We saw a grave on the top of one of the lower hills, the road is so rough and stony most of the way today. There is plenty of nice dry wood, pine ~~x~~ and cedar, it looks very tempting after going so long without it, only found drinking water once in our day's travel. Camped on the Platte banks again, there were, I should think, nearly a hundred wagons, the men had to drive the cattle a mile and a half for feed, they kept them there all of the time had a day and night guard. Albert and the Capt. had to go the first night with the others, they took blankets and two slept while two guarded. There is a blacksmith shop in a skin tent and for a wonder no Indians around, only four squaws.

Saturday, June 28,

Did not travel today, staid over to let the cattle have a chance to rest. Albert set the tire of his wagon wheels and set some shoes on the horses, which made a pretty hard day's work for him. He also shortened the reach of his wagon. The smith here only charged ten dollars for shoeing a yoke of oxen. I did a large washing and Lucy did a large quantity of cooking, made herself nearly sick working so hard. Gus and I took my clothes to the river to rinse, there was a little island covered with wild rose bushes near by. Gus tried to wade over to it to hang the clothes but it was too deep so we were obliged to hang them on some low bushes close by the river.

Sunday, June 29th,

The Capt. thought at first this morning that he would stay today where we were but finally concluded to go, it was nine o'clock when we started, stopped at a spring a mile from where we camped and filled our water cans, there being no water for twelve miles. Nooned where there was a little patch of grass on a side hill. Our road has been hilly but not near as rough as it was the last day's travel, not many stones. Just after we ate our dinner, there came up quite a shower. The little boys went on the side hill and gathered some pine gum. The road in the afternoon was not as hilly as it was in the forenoon, we passed along through a small valley where there was real nice grass, if there had been water it would have been a good camping place. Camped at night at Cottonwood Springs where there was a real good spring, some alder trees near and some pine trees on the hillside. Drove the cattle over the bluffs and guarded them away from camp, rained some. Saw two graves by the wayside.

Monday, June 30,

The sky was clear this morning, we did not start very early, crossed the creek back again, there was a trader and his squaws near the creek. When we first started we followed up a deep ravine, there was a short distance where the rocks were perpendicular with pine and cedar growing on the left side of the road. Our road is sandy this forenoon, crossed a kind of run. Nooned on the prairie. Had a very good road in the Afternoon. There were some curious piles of gravel and cobble stones making quite large hills. Crossed a dry run with timber on it. Camped on the river bank near some cottonwoods.

Tuesday, July 1st,

Arose very early this morning, 'twas very foggy when they went for the cattle, some were not to be found, but by going over the bluff they found them. In the night I heard Mrs. Wilson's baby crying very hard indeed, it had fallen from the wagon, it cried for nearly an hour, he struck on his head. Crossed two runs this forenoon, one was quite good size but very muddy. The road is good. Nooned on the river bank again, had real good grass. Rather rough sandy road in the afternoon. Turned off the road half a mile to get to the river, had a very good camping place. The water in the river keeps getting clearer and some colder. Came through some very steep and unshapely bluffs, there was scarcely any vegetation on them. Some of the men climbed one very steep one on the left of the road, when they were on it they looked no larger than three or four year old boys. There were great seams in the bluffs caused by the rains I suppose, which made them look like columns to some building.

1002

- 26 - June 4, 1902

Tuesday, July 2,

Arose before the sun this morning, there was a man in the Co. that is traveling with us, the last I heard. Feeling so badly that when he first got up he thought he would be unable to ride but after awhile he thought he would try it and did so. He came for a short distance on level land, but soon came to the hills which were most abrupt and dreary looking things I ever saw, it seems as if there had been a great convulsion of nature which had turned everything topsy turvy. We traveled all of the forenoon over the hills to get a few miles the river is very crooked, not nearly so straight as it is nearer the mouth. We nooned close by the river on a little flat of a few acres, the grass is tolerably good but has been trampled over a good deal. We made a campfire and made some coffee, which we do not usually make for dinner. Carried on the flat after a short afternoon's drive, traveled on the river bottom, the ground where we staid was covered with spear grass and cactus, therefore was not very pleasant to walk on.

Thursday, July 3,

Had an early start. Lou and I walked awhile this morning, but could not far on account of the roads being sandy. Nooned near the river again, had a short rest, traveled all day, raised (?) up with some strange grains, it is very inconvenient to be with so many for we got on so slow, there are so many more stoppages. There came up quite a hard blow towards night before we were camped, and being among sand hills we were well showered with sand if not with rain, blow quite hard just sundown but did not trouble us much. To the left of us, as we were coming, between us and the river there was a sand hill which had no vegetation on it, looked very singular. Camped near the river.

Friday, July 4,

Today is the Fourth of July and here we are away off in the wilderness and can't even stay over a day to do any extra cooking, the men fired their guns. We wonder what the folks at home are doing and Oh! how we wish we were there. Albert is not well today so I drive. I have been in the habit of sleeping, or idle every forenoon, so naturally I was very sleepy driving, went to sleep a multitude of times to awaken with a start fancying we were running into gullies. After going a short distance we came in sight of a mill station on the other side of the river, there were several buildings, they are of adobe I suppose. Nearly opposite on this side of the river we passed a little log hut which is used for a store, it was really a welcome sight after going four hundred miles without seeing a house of any kind, passed also some Indian tents. The mill race and square for millers' place.

1862

- 21 -

Jane A. Gould: Her Journal

Our road was level but sandy, not much grass. Had a light shower. Camped near the river, did not turn off the road.

Saturday, July 5,

We were aroused this morning early by the guard calling out that there was a dead cow in the camp. The boys went out and to our dismay found it to be one of Charlie's, they did not know what was the matter, they ordered her but some thought it was the currier and some thought she was alkali'd. Had a great time getting down a steep hill near the river, there were near two hundred wagons collected at the top all trying to go first, it took nearly two hours for them all to get down, there was another road at the foot of the hill but it was very muddy. Passed a bridge across the Platte built by the Mormons, the toll is 50 cents. The Scott train from Des Moines crossed ~~kk~~ over to avoid the big sand hill. We nooned on the Platte banks. Traveled most of the afternoon through the sand bluffs, passed by another bridge six miles above the other, here is where the stage passes also the telegraph wire, it seems pleasant to have it by the road side again, at the bridge is a mail station. Camped on the river again.

Sunday, July 6,

Stayed over to wash and cook and to recruit the cattle, had a very pleasant place, had quite a blow in the afternoon. Camped on the Platte for the last time.

Monday, July 7,

Started very early this morning traveled near the river for eight miles, came to the Red Buttes which are on the north side of the river, we go a short distance past these and come to Willow Spring Creek, at the crossing is a station and a good spring, after we left this we came to no water but alkali for 15 miles nor did we find feed, the road was very rough and some of the way stony. Camped for night at sundown at the head of a little creek where we found excellent water in a spring and good grass. Came over Prospect Hill from whence we can see the Sweet-water Mountains. Camped a mile and a half beyond.

Tuesday, July 8th,

Left our encampment at seven, the air is very pure here so near the mountains. After going a mile and a half we came to a very nice brook. The road in the forenoon was good, followed a small creek for a mile, six miles farther we came to Greasewood Creek where there is a mail station, the keeper's wife had just come from the east. I should think it would be very lonely living so far from anyone, they are going to Red Butte station to

typewritten note

(Here is where we leave the Platte at the mouth of this creek.)

keep an eating house. Nooned on the prairie on very poor grass. In the afternoon came to the alkaline springs and swamps, the ground is covered with saloratus. I dipped up some of the water and put some acid in it it foamed up to fill the cup, here is where the Mormons gather their saloratus, some of our company saved some, it looked rather dirty. It is best to tie all of the cattle that are not in the yoke for fear of them drinking this water. I tasted some of it, it was as strong as any lye I ever saw. Came to a mail station here, there are stationed ninety troops. We stayed some time and conversed with them. Here is a bridge across the Sweet Water, some cross the bridge and some go up six miles and cross on another, there were four teams of us crossed here and the rest went up the other side of Independence Rock, this rock is six hundred yards long and forty high, we were in plain sight of it. We paid half a dollar toll across the bridge, we camped a mile and a half above the bridge just opposite where the rest of our train were camped. Had very good grass and water from the Sweetwater.

Wednesday, July 9,

Our road passes within half a mile of the Devil's Gate, which is six miles above Independence Rock, we turned from the road and went to see it. I will give E. C. Fremont's description of it, which will be much more correct than I can give. He says, "Five miles above the rock is a place called the Devil's gate where the Sweetwater cuts through the point of a granite ridge. The length of the passage is about three hundred yards and the width thirty-five yards. The walls of rock are vertical and about four hundred feet in height and the stream in the gate is almost entirely choked up by the masses which have fallen from above. In the wall on the right bank is a dike of traprock cutting through a fine grained gray granite." The water runs through the gate in a torrent, all over the rocks where they are smooth are names written, some up twenty feet. As we were coming back we wrote our names on some rocks, nearly half a mile down from the gate Lucy and Charlie wrote theirs and I wrote mine and Georgio's and Frankie's on a rock on the right side of the road. Albert wrote his name farther up. After getting on the main road we came through between two rocky bluffs, after some time crossed a small creek, the water was not clear, crossed another which is a mail station. No more perfect clouds of grasshoppers. We have seen for the past week some very pretty new flowers, among which are the wild blue larkspurs which are much prettier than those we cultivate in our gardens. We hear many stories of Indian decorations but we do not feel frightened yet. Passed the station which was built in the place of one that was burned where two men were murdered in the spring. Nooned on the Sweetwater, had to drive the cattle over the river to feed. Our road was good, mostly on the river bottom. All the vegetation is sage brush and

greasewood, or more properly spouting, quaintly. Camped alone near to other camp. It is not considered perfectly safe for a small train to travel alone after we got a little farther up the river. Crossed a little creek on a bridge, paid five cents toll. The alkali was very plenty at our camping place. When the men drove the cattle down to drink they went in and swam the river, stood till after sundown when three of the men had to swim after them, it had got to be very cool and they were obliged to be there sometimes getting them together, so when they got home they were very cold. Rained some, had to use sage brush for wood.

Thursday, July 10,

Did not get started very early, the road is very sandy. On the opposite side of the river to us the hills as mountains are just huge masses of granite, some of them have a few stunted pines growing from the crevices. We can see snow on the mountains now, those on the south of us are timbered with pine. We passed the grave of a man who was shot by his partners, they were emigrants, they had a quarrel and Young shot Scott dead, the company had a trial and found him guilty and gave him his choice to be hung or shot, he preferred being shot, and was forthwith. Hooped on the bank of the river. The road is somewhat sandy, no vegetation but sage brush and greasewood. Camped on the Sweetwater near two other large parties of emigrants, there was a wedding in one of the camps adjoining ours, the couple came up to our camp to get our minister to marry them, they had closed doors to the tent while the ceremony was being performed.

Friday, July 11,

Had a very good road in the forenoon, passed by a station occupied by soldiers who are placed here for the protection of the emigrants, the station is close on the banks of the river. There was a little child run over by a wagon in Walker's train who are just ahead of us. The child was injured quite seriously. There is a ford to the river here at this station but the water is so high we were unable to cross and therefore have some bad sand hills to go over. We passed between two high ranges of rock bluffs that are quite near each other, on the rocks nearest the road are written many names, we left ours. Came in sight of the Windrivers Mountains covered with snow. Found no chance to feed at noon. Camped on the banks of the Sweetwater near Walker's train, they sent for a German physician that belonged to our train to see the child that was injured, he said he thought it would get better.

JANE M. WOLFE: NEW JOURNAL.

Sunday, July 13/03.

Monday, July 14,

Friday, July 15,

Wednesday, July 16,

Our roads were real good this forenoon, came to the Sweetwater at noon, did not travel any farther, found first rate grass, did some baking, drove the cattle over the river, had a good spring of water, there was a station of soldiers near us. We find several kinds of very pretty flowers, a number of kinds of mosses, one has a very pretty white flower and is very fragrant some like the fragrance of the grass vint.

1862

- 25 -

Jane A. Gould: Her Journal

Thursday, July 17,

Left our camp early, have had a good road, crossed two little creeks, nooned on the last one. The weather is so cold that I really suffered with a blanket shawl around me. The wind river mountains are to the right of us, half covered with snow. The road this afternoon has been very hilly and rocky, have crossed several small mountain brooks with nice grass on them. The ford over a creek in the hills was washed away, a train that went before us built a bridge so we had one to cross on. Camped on a small creek, it was nearly sundown but we had good feed and water.

Friday, July 18,

When we arose this morning there was a heavy white frost on the ground, it seemed cold enough to be winter. I don't see how anything can grow here. We seem to be nearer the mountains today. The road is quite good, not much as we supposed it would be crossing the Rocky Mountains. Nooned in a little valley where we had the best of feed. The men found two or three good wagons, some harnesses, scythes, a stove, and a great many things else in a ravine off half a mile from the road, there was one man took two wagons and another a harness. In the afternoon we passed the summit, we came over the side of a small mountain it was through some timber. We found several kinds of new flowers, some of them very pretty. We had quite a steep hill to come down after crossing the mount, one of the train broke one axletree to his wagon coming down, after coming down the hill we came alongside of one of the Sandys, the water of which runs to the Pacific. Camped on a hill, had to pitch our tents among the sage brush.

Saturday, July 19,

Saw this morning the Green River Mountains for the first time, traveled three or four miles when we crossed the Sandy, it is a nice little stream. The road was sandy all of the forenoon. Camped at one o'clock and staid the rest of the day, had good feed down on the bottom of a creek called Spring Creeks (?) but our tent was among the sage and sand again. Rained a little at sundown.

Sunday, July 20,

Left our encampment for a twenty miles drive without water, the road was sandy most of the way, there was some grass in among the sage in some places but there being no water we did not stop at noon, arrived at Green river at about three o'clock, here the feed was not good but better than none, there was one large camp above us and one below on the river. The timber, I think, is elm.

The men had a ball play towards night, seemed to enjoy themselves very much, it seemed like old times. The Capt. sent a man down to a ferry that was ten miles below us on the river to see about crossing, the charge was four dollars per wagon and swim our own cattle and have to wait two days for our turn to come.

Monday, July 21st,

Our men went to work this morning to building a raft, worked hard all day, half of the men in the water too, after getting it done they had no ropes strong enough to work it across, the current was so swift and the water so deep, they lost a good share of their ropes. Towards night they looked over the wagons and selected two boxes (one of them being Charley's) to caulk for boats, the Capt. gathered up all of the rosin and tar he could and went to work, worked till eleven o'clock at night. I washed today.

Tuesday, July 22nd,

Went to work this morning as early as possible to ferrying the wagons over. Had to take them apart and float the box and cover behind, the two boxes were fastened together by the rods, one before to row in and the other to load, worked till dark. We were the last but one to cross tonight, got some of our groceries wet, some coffee sugar dissolved.

Wednesday, July 23rd,

Did not all get across yesterday, went to work soon after sunrise and worked till noon before the last one got across, most of the men had to wade in the edge of the ~~river~~ (?) to tow the boat up. Last night there were four horses and one mule stolen from our train and ten from the next train above us, some of the men hunted all day and part of the night but without success. Albert, Gus, Annie McMillin and myself went gooseberrying but only got a few, the mosquitoes were so thick.

Thursday, July 24th,

Started before daylight without our breakfast so as to get to the ferry (which is six miles from the other) before another large train, but there were a part obliged to wait and that too in a very poor place. The road was very rough between the two branches, several steep descents to go down, some rocks to go over. Gus is not well today. Albert went a fishing but caught none, some of the other train caught some fine trout.

Afternoon:-We got the use of the boat in time to bring over fourteen wagons tonight, the boat is an old scow, it is large enough to take a wagon a load over, swim the cattle and horses, each train pay

river - handwriting in pencil

1862

- 27 -

Jane A. Gould: Her Journal

four dollars for it and the last man sells it to the next one back, so they all get their pay till it comes to the last train who will be the loser of four dollars.

Friday, July 25th,

All of the teams came over today by noon, had no bad luck this time, started on our way as soon as they all came over. The road was quite sloughy for a mile then sandy and hilly for eight miles. After going six miles we came to a little creek where the men watered the teams but there was no grass near, came two miles further to a beautiful creek with fine feed on the east side, we came on to the west side but had to drive the cattle over the other side again, had to pitch our tents in the sage brush, it is sage, sage, sage, scarcely anything but sage, it makes good wood. We have been in sight of the Green river mountains for several days.

Saturday, July 26,

Started early this morning and as we went up the hill found we had staid all night on the ground where the Indians had taken some horses from some emigrants who in trying to recover them one man lost his life and two others were severely wounded, his grave is on the left side of the road as you go up the hill. The road has been dusty and rough, crossed one quite a large creek, it is high and the bottoms are very bad indeed, nearly half a mile of slough. Did not stop till about two, when we camped for the day and night on a creek in a kanyon of the mountains, had good grass. Annie McMillin had lagged behind walking when we stopped, the whole train had crossed the creek before they thought of her. The creek was so deep that it ran into the wagon boxes so she could not wade, a man on horseback went over for her and another man on a mule went to help her on. The mule refused to go clear across, went where the water was very deep, throw the man off and almost trampled on him, but he finally got out safe only well wet and with the loss of a good hat, which is no trifling loss here. We hear great stories about the Indians here again. The scenery of the Green River Mountains is more interesting than that of the ~~Green~~ River Chain, snow, pine forests, ledges of red sandstone and valleys of green grass over the surface. The children, Annie, and I went strawberrying, got enough to put in cream for breakfast. I find that these mountains are the Bear River Mountains instead of the Green River Chain.

Sunday, July 27th,

We commenced our journey this morning by starting up a kanyon following up a creek which we crossed twelve times in ten miles which is the length of the kanyon, several crossings the water came into the wagon box, the roads were the worse I ever saw, the creek is

He was killed on the
18th of July 1862. *typewritten*

Wind

usually find as that the road is mostly muddy, some of the wagons got wet, the road is washed away in many places so we have to go where we can, there is one place where the road goes for over a mile over rocks from two inches to two feet large with no gravel or soil between, it was horribly rough, there were two wagons broken down in the train just ahead of us. I expected every minute to see our old light wagon go to pieces but it survived that day's journey at least. We ate snow as often as we wanted it. I saw the little ditty of the "three little boys a sliding went all on one summer day" verified, the little boys were sliding down a side hill of snow drift, we had to go over one side of hill so sliding that the men had to fasten a strong rope to the wagon and six men hold on to it on the uphill side to keep it from tipping over, traveled ten miles and camped in a pine forest near some other emigrants. One of our train broke the axle tree of his wagon, had to repair it partly by a campfire. There was a log hut built where we camped.

Monday, July 28th,

Kennedy train - handwriting

Came for quite a number of miles through the forest of pine, spruce, and fir, such beautiful trees as the firs are with their purple balls at the top, the top runs up to a point, I would like to have some of them in a dooryard. Had some very steep hills to ascend and descend, a person would think to look from one across to another that it was impossible to go up them. We were crossing and recrossing creeks most all of the time. Came past a camp of thirty six wagons who have been camped for some time here in the mountains, they have had their cattle stampeded four or five times, there was a woman died in their train yesterday, she left six children and one of them only two days old, poor little thing it had better have died with its mother, they made a good picket fence around the grave. This same train had a man accidentally shot down at Independence Rock, they seem to be very unfortunate, it is the Kennedy train. We stopped in a little valley about two o'clock, staid over night, had to drive the cattle a mile back on the road to a small patch of grass bounded on one side by a large snow drift, we had to drive through a snow drift today.

Tuesday, July 29th,

Commenced climbing the mountains again this morning, passed a grave on the side of a mountain, it was the grave of a man that was supposed to have been killed by the Indians, there was an arrow with blood on the point lying by the grave, he was only buried about six inches under ground, the Maple train ahead of us opened the grave, he had a bullet hole through his temple, they found another new grave a little way from that back in the woods, this is the place of all places

for the doing of foul deeds, with its deep ravines and gorges and thick forests. We found some beautiful flowers in among the mountains, among others is a beautiful white honeysuckle very much like those we raise in our gardens only larger. We traveled from morning till night till after dark without stopping, came into a valley and camped near three other large trains. There were three wagons in our train broken today, as our ox team was going through a creek just going out the bank was very steep, the oxen slipped, one of them got over the tongue to the wagon, they were troubled some about getting them off, they fastened the chain to the end of the tongue and drew it out.

Wednesday, July 30,

Did not start till late went ten miles down the valley and camped on a creek, had very good grass. Gus went and got some yellow currants, they were very good when stewed. We had to be very careful in looking them over, some of them have black spots on them, all of these have worms in them.

Thursday, July 31st,

Did not leave our camp till two (or ten(?)) o'clock, traveled six miles over level ground down the same valley, encamped on the creek, had the best grass we have seen on the road from Omaha, mostly bunch grass, 'twas nearly sundown when we got there, I washed out a large washing. Lou was sick all day.

Friday, August 1st,

Left our encampment in the morning, traveled six miles again, and camped at the mouth of the canyon that we are to follow up. Lou and I mended and baked and made some blancmange.

Saturday, August 2nd,

Commenced our journey over the mountains again this morning. Our teams feel considerably refreshed after the last four days recruiting, the road in the forenoon was not bad for canyon roads, followed up a creek, crossed it five times in going five miles, we now came to the salt springs, we picked up some crystalized salt which had formed on the stones on the edges of the creek, the water is as salt as any brine could be, a person could pick up a good many pounds in a day, we went over two hills and came to some more salt springs, there were acres of ground just white with it. Nooned a short time near a little creek in a ravine. We have found ice on the water nearly every morning, people coming should have woolen stockings,

the men drawers and undershirts, the women warm socks and gloves or mittens, the children good shoes and stockings, overcoats and comforts. Frankie has lost his raglan. Came through the mountains, did not get into camp till after sundown. The mountain roads today are not near as bad as they were over the other spur. Camped in a valley on a creek. There is not much snow on the mountains now. We have a great deal of dust.

Sunday, August 3rd,

We did not get a very early start this morning on account of our hard day's drive yesterday. We are traveling down the valley today, it is called Large Grass valley, it is somewhat hilly but excellent roads. Nooned near the creek. We hear the Canada train have had another stampede.

Afternoon: We passed by the train I have just spoken of, they had just buried the babe of the woman who died a few days ago, and were just digging a grave for another woman that was run over by the cattle and wagons when they stampeded yesterday. She lived twenty-four hours. She gave birth to a child a short time before she died, the child was buried with her. She leaves a little two year old girl and a husband, they say he is nearly crazy with sorrow. The Captain of this Canady or Kennedy train is the man who arrested Young (that murdered Scott) and ordered him to be shot. He did not belong to this train but to another. Some say that it is a judgment upon him and his train for meddling with and depriving a man of his life without the aid of the law. After cattle have been frightened once or twice there is no safety with them. Yesterday there were several loose horses came running up when the whole train of cattle started pellmell, crippled two men besides killing the woman. They mark nearly half their camps with dead cattle. I never supposed that cattle would run so in the yoke and hitched to the wagon. Our road is real good. We pass to the left of a large swamp or lake. Camped at night near a large nice spring.

Monday, August 4th,

We arose this morning very early so as to get out of the way of the train back of us, had good roads, some hills to climb and crossed two or three creeks. Nooned near a beautifully clear creek, the men went down and caught some crabs to carry along for bait to catch salmon trout with in a stream that we shall come to tomorrow. The wind blew in our faces in the afternoon and nearly suffocated us with dust, the dust is worse than Indians, storms or winds or mosquitoes, or even woodticks. The country is somewhat hilly and destitute of timber. Camped near a little creek where there was good grass but no wood. We brought wood with us.

1862

- 31. - Jane A. Gould: Her Journal

Tuesday, August 5th,

Did not start very early, waited for a train to pass. It seems today as if I must go home to father's to see them all. I can't wait another minute, if I could only hear from there it would do some good, but I suppose I shall have to wait whether I am patient or not. The road has been much the same as yesterday. I suppose we shall have more dust yet the faster we go. I presume there has been no rain here for two months. Hooped near a creek in a very dusty, bad place. The grass is mostly bunch grass here, which they say is very hearty for the cattle and horses, the horses prefer it to other grass. Camped on a rise of ground near where the Salt Lake and Fort Hall comes in. Had water to bring nearly half a mile, brought our wood with us.

Wednesday, August~~xxxx~~ 6th,

Followed up a canyon through the hills or mountains for a mile or two, crossed some broken land, entered another canyon, then another yet. Albert found a few ripe service berries, they are black when ripe. They are some the shape of red Kowe berries, grow on a shrub, found a few ripe yellow currants, they are very nice. Hooped on a creek on a hill, went to try to find some berries but could not. Had good roads in the afternoon but so dusty. Camped on the banks of a little creek, had some grass to pitch our tent on, which is quite a rarity nowadays.

Thursday, August 7th,

The road is mostly a level plain only traveled till noon, staid the afternoon at a creek, wood was rather scarce, some of the cattle and one horse got mired in it, the banks were very steep. Albert got his horses shod. Mr Bradford shod them, he is a man that goes with Mr. Walker, he does not charge any thing for what he does for those belonging to the train. Lou washed and I cooked.

Friday, August 8th,

Traveled eight miles, went down a steep bank and came to Portneuf River where we ferried on two large skiffs fastened together and poles laid across, took two wagons at a time, paid a dollar and a half apiece. Here we saw some Shoshone or Snake Indians, there were four or five Mormon wagons here trading, they sold flour to some of the train for ten dollars per hundred. Charley bought a dozen onions, traded some caps for them, they call them for two cts. apiece, they are brought from Salt Lake. We had an onion soup for supper, which was very good. The ferrymen were quite gentlemanly fellows for this part of the world. We took lunch after we crossed the river,

then came five miles and camped on a high bank in the sage brush, had to bring water up a very steep bank some distance from the creek.

Saturday, August 9th,

Left our camp early, came over hard country all of the forenoon. Nooned on the creek in the dust again. This morning we saw Salmon River Mountains away off as far as we could see. We are in sight of THREE Buttes, they are forty-four miles from the road. Traveled over rather hilly ground. Camped in a valley near a spring that comes out of the bank, had a good many mosquitoes.

Sunday, August 10th,

Traveled five or six miles when we came to Snake River, followed it up two or three miles where we came to the American Falls, it is quite a sight, it falls over rocks, there are two or three little rock islands in it which makes it a second Niagara. We nooned there so had time to examine it closely, some of the men caught some very nice trout. We staid till two o'clock then traveled till about four or five when we from the back end of the train saw those on ahead all get out their guns. In a short time the word came back that a train six miles on had been attacked by the Indians and some killed and that was cause enough for the arming, in a short time we were met by two men, they wanted us to go a short distance from the road and bring up two dead men to this camp five miles ahead. Albert unloaded his little wagon and sent Gus back with them and about forty armed men from both trains to get them. We learned that a train of eleven wagons had been plundered of all that was in them and the teams taken and three men killed. One was Mr. Bullwinkel * who left us the 25th of last month at the crossing of Green River, he went on with this Adams train, was intending to wait for us but we had not overtaken him yet. He was shot eight times, his dog was shot four times before he would let them get to the wagon. They took all that he had in his wagon except his trunks and books and papers. They broke open his trunks and took all that they contained (he had six) it is supposed that they took six thousand dollars from him, tore the cover from his wagon, it was oil cloth. He had four choice horses, they ran away when he was shot. The harnesses were found on the trail where it was cut from them as they went, it was a nice silver mounted one. The Captain had a daughter shot and wounded severely, this happened yesterday. This morning a part of their train and a part of the Kennedy train went in pursuit of the stock, they were surrounded by Indians on ponies, two killed, several wounded, and two supposed to be killed, they were never found. One of those killed was Capt. Adams' son, the other was a young man in the Kennedy train. Those that were carried to camp were those killed this morning. Mr. Bullwinkel and the two others were buried before we got to the camp.

* This man Bulwinkle, having plenty of horse flesh and not a very heavy load - no passengers but his large St. Bernard dog, became impatient and, disregarding all advice about the Indian hazard, moved on in advance of our group and finally joined the next train.

It was said that his trunks contained merchandise to be sold upon arrival in California.

(This is a copy of a typewritten note
fastened with scotch tape
facing page 32.)

there were one hundred and fifty wagons there and thirty-four of ours. Capt. ~~William~~ Kennedy was severely wounded. Capt. Hunter of the Iowa City train was killed likewise as a volunteer. We camped near Snake River. We could not get a horse to ride after the news, he would walk and carry his loaded pistol, if there was any shooting going on he wanted to be in. (George 10 yrs old son of the author -) "There is a hunting in the" if a pistol was a muzzle-loading affair. Monday, August 11th.

The two men that we brought up were buried early this morning with the other three, so they lie five men side by side in this vast wilderness, killed by the guns and arrows of the red demons. The chief appeared yesterday in a suit of Mr. Bullwinkel's. On the battlefield some of them had the best kind of rifles, some of them Minnie (?) rifles. We did not get started till late, traveled twelve miles without stopping at noon, came up several steep hills, over one creek with three little falls, one above the other. Camped on Raft River with the other trains.

Tuesday, August 12th.

Capt. Adams' daughter died this morning from the effects of her wound, was buried in a box made of a wagon box. Poor father and mother lost one son and one daughter, all of his teams, clothing, and four thousand dollars, is left dependent on the bounty of strangers. We only traveled half a day, camped on a creek, had the best of feed. Two or three other trains staid also. We have just heard that there has been a train waylaid on the Oregon road. There are two trains going to ~~Idaho~~ that started for Oregon. Lou wished. In the evening we took in Mrs. Ellen Jones (?) one of the ladies of the plundered train, her husband goes in the wagon just ahead of us. She was married the morning that she started for Cal. Not a very pleasant wedding tour. Camped in the sage brush.

Thursday, August 13th.

Left our camp early to enter the canyon but it was father than we supposed, only got to the mouth of it at noon. Here we found some parts of wagons and yokes chains of emigrants that had probably been plundered last year. We found pieces of paper that had pieces (?) or prices (?) in concerning the war, so it could not have been longer ago. After going up the canyon about four miles we came to a wagon that had been stopped. There was a new harness or parts of one, some collars and close by we saw the bodies of three dead men top of the ground, they had been dead two or three weeks. Some one had been along and thrown a little earth over them, but they were mostly uncovered again. One had his head and face out, another his legs, a third his hands and arms. Oh! it is a horrid thing. I wish all of the Indians in Christendom were exterminated. We did not get through the canyon and were

Note in handwriting in pencil.

Adams & Kennedy traits - same date See Scott's diary

obliged to camp in a kanyon with the mountains on every side.

Friday, August 15th,

We were aroused this morning at one o'clock by the firing of guns and yelling of Indians answered by our men, the Capt. calling "Come on you red devils." It did not take us long to dress for once. I hurried for the children and had them dress and get into our wagon, put up a mattress and some beds and quilts on the exposed side of the wagon to protect us. The firing was from the willows and from the mouth of the corral. There were two other trains with us, there are one hundred and eleven wagons of all and two hundred or more men. The firing did not continue long nor do any harm. Our men shot a good many ~~m~~ balls into the willows but I presume they were not effectual. We sat and watched and waited till morning, yoked the cattle and turned them out with a heavy guard and several guards to clear the bushes, cooked our breakfast and started. There were ball holes through two or three wagon covers and the filly (?) of a wagon in the Thompson train. Two men felt the balls whiz past their faces, they found an arrow near the mouth of the corral. We had only gone half a mile or so before we saw eight or ten of them come out of their hiding places on ponies and to our camping place to see, I suppose, if they had lamed or killed any men or cattle. The Capt. had plenty of scouts out and an advance and rear and side guards. We nooned in a little valley but kept our eyes open to all that might be hidden in the bushes and behind the rocks. Camped by the side of a mountain, near us on one side was a creek with willows on it, on the other a deep gulch made by the rain. The Hewburn and Thompson trains camped and corralled with us, the Capts. stationed picket guards in the ditch and on the sidehill. In the night we were all startled by the bark of the kiota which sounded very much like the Indians when they attacked us last night. The alarm gun was fired which awakened us all, after a while we concluded it was the wolves and went to bed. Most of the train slept under the wagons, dug a trench and blockaded on the outside of the wagon, set up flour sacks and all manner of stuff. We hung up a cotton mattress and some quilts and slept in the wagon. It is not an enviable situation to be placed in not to know at night when you go to bed whether you will all be alive in the morning or not. Came in sight of the City of Rocks.

Saturday, August 16th,

Left our camp early, entered a kanyon, followed it up between high hills or mountains among the rocks. Passed ~~km~~ by the City of Rocks, it really has some the appearance of a city at a distance. This has always been

known as the worst place for Indian troubles on the Landers route. Some of the rocks are covered with names from 1852 up to the present year. I don't think there has been more than two trains through ahead of us. Did not stop for dinner, in the afternoon there came up a thunder shower, a real hard one. We had to pitch the tent in the rain, it was quite a rarity, 'twas much pleasanter after it was over. It looked strange, the clouds seemed to lie on the mountains. They dug trenches again and had picket guards.

Sunday, August 17th,

The weather was beautiful this morning. Traveled over very rough roads, that is up and down several steep hills. Came to Goose Creek in the afternoon, went up it two or three miles, were obliged to camp on it near willows and close by hills, dug trenches again. Dug a deep hole on one of the hills for the pickets to stand in. Were not molested.

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Monday, August 18th,

Left camp early, the weather was very warm but in the afternoon grew cooler, looked like rain, sprinkled some. We passed a chalk bed, likewise some very singular looking rocks on the right hand side of the road. There were all sorts of shaped holes and men had written their names in and under them. The swallows had built numerous nests in them. Some of the men got some soft stone and made some pipes. Some of them call the stone soap stone, I don't know what it is. We followed up Goose creek all day, the boys found some currants on the bank, some yellow, some black. Camped at night in the valley in some tall grass, built entrenchments again, as the boys call it. I was startled again by the bark of the kiota but soon fell asleep again.

Tuesday, August 19th,

The road was very mountainout but not bad for mountain roads. About five o'clock we passed Rock Spring, traveled five or six miles and camped in a valley in the tall grass, did not get camped till near dark, had to get supper by candlelight, let the tent stand tonight for the first time for a week on account of the Capt. thinking it would give a good chance for the Indians to creek up behind it. They say that we are now out of the Snake Nation for which I am truly thankful.

Wednesday, August 20th,

This morning was very cool. We followed up a valley most of the forenoon with sage brush in some places and tall grass in others. Nooned on a kind of dead creek, did not correll with the other trains. Followed up a bottom some distance for good grass, were obliged to camp in a very wet muddy place.

1862

- 36 -

JANE A. GOWDIE: HER JOURNAL

Thursday, August 21st,

The road was rough some of the way, some steep hills to pass over. We saw several Indians today for the first time, they were Snakes. One of them said that he was chief. Three of the men in the How burn train burned their wigwams in their absence, they came on at noon, were very indignant about it and wanted pay for it. Capt. Walker told them who it was that burned them, they got quite a good deal of bread and bacon from different ones from our camp. After being in trouble with ~~different~~ the for so long we are glad to let them be friendly if they will. Albert, Lucy, and I went a short way from the road and got our arms full of currant bushes laden with fruit, both red and white. We ate what we wished and had nearly two quarts to eat with sugar for supper, they were really refreshing.

Friday, August 22nd,

Arose this morning before sunrise, 'twas real cold. We are in sight of the Humboldt Mountains, they are partly clothed in snow. Our roads were hilly but good, quite dusty. We have been quite free from it now for some time. Came over some steep hills then down into a valley near a little grassy creek where we nooned. Took the stove out and baked some pancakes, came most of the way in the afternoon in the valley, crossed some small hills and camped late near a small creek, have pickets out yet.

Saturday, August 23rd,

The Captain concluded to go the mountain road down the Humboldt instead of the bottom road as we found to our sorrow this forenoon it was very rough and stony. It was very hard for Mr. McMillin the man with the consumption, he is getting very weak. We found some very nice choke cherries and some service berries this forenoon. We did not travel all day, only till noon. We have beautiful water here. Oh dear, I do so want to get there, it is now almost four months since we have slept in a house. If I could only be set down at home with all the folks I think there would be some talking as well as resting. Albert is so very miserable too that I don't enjoy myself as well as I would if he was well. There have been Indians around today begging. We are glad to see them do so now, for all we are disgusted with the wretched creatures.

Sunday, August 24th,

After the first mile or two today our road was not as rough as it was yesterday, had some bottom road. There were quite a number of Indians came around this morning to pick up after us. They would pick up the crusts and rinds and smell of them then eat them just like a dog. Some of the children were in a state of nudity except a

rag around their shoulders under their arms. They are Diggers, they picked up an old dish rag that I had thrown away, put it in an old sack that they carry. Nooned near a little creek close by the Newburn and Thompson trains. Camped near a creek at near sundown, did not get supper till after dark. Were visited again by Indians.

Monday, August 25th,

Did not start till late, had rough roads most of the time. Were visited this morning by the pests again. Albert found some nice black gooseberries as we were coming along. Nooned by a beautiful little stream. Ellen and I went down the creek a long way in pursuit of berries but found none. The day is very warm indeed but we are sure to have real cold nights and mornings. Did not get into camp till after dark. Had wood and water plenty and good, there were three little creeks on each side of us. I went to see Mr. McMillin, he was not as well.

Tuesday, August 26th,

Had a very hard day's travel, very dusty. Did not noon, camped very early on a nice creek bottom.

Wednesday, August 27th,

The first thing I heard this morning was that Mr. McMillin was dead, died at ten last night, he died quite suddenly, was buried early this morning. They could not get boards to make a coffin, they dug his grave vault fashion, made it just the right ~~funerary~~ size for him, high enough for him to lay in, then wider to lay short boards over him. He was in his clothes with a sheet around him. It seems hard to have to bury ones friends in such a way. I do feel so sorry for the poor wife and daughter, strangers in a strange land, all of her relatives are in Ohio. We did not stop at noon, camped very late in the mountains, had an excellent spring of water.

Thursday, August 28th,

Started early, roads mountainous, did not noon. Camped on a creek, water very poor. Gus left us tonight, he goes with Mrs. McMillin.

Friday, August 29th,

Started late. We could not find our cow. I was afraid that the Indians had got her, but we found her near noon on with the loose cattle, she had gone on with the Newburn train and been left. Had some of the worst mountain roads we have had since we left home, such awful

ones to go over in the afternoon. We came to where there had been Indian depredations committed, there were feathers strewn around, a broken wagon and a large grave with stones over it, it had probably two or more persons in it. There was a hat and a nightcap found near, also some small pieces of money, it had been done only a few days. We camped after dark on the Humboldt River for which we were very thankful.

August 30th, Saturday,

Did not start till near noon, the cattle needed rest after so hard a day's work, had a somewhat rough road about half of the time. Camped early, had a very pleasant place on the river.

August 31, Sunday,

Had not gone more than a mile when we were stopped by a slough. There were several that got set in it, some of us went back nearly to the camp but got over well at last, part of the road is stony and part real good. Nooned on the river. Camped after dark.

Monday, Sept. 1st,

Had excellent roads most of the way, did not stop for dinner. Camped on the river, there were Indians around. Nooned at a slough.

Tuesday, Sept. 2nd,

Traveled about twenty miles without feed or water. Camped on a slough or bayou.

Wednesday, September 3rd,

After going two miles we came to a spring of water in the mountain side where we filled our cans. There has been a stone station there. Camped near noon for the rest of the day. There are numerous Indians about, they are Pah-Utahs, pronounced (Pa yoot). They are more intelligent than those we have seen heretofore. Alkali is plenty

Thursday, September 4th,

Did not travel but half a day. I washed in the afternoon did not have time to dry them. Most of the vegetation here is sage and greasewood.

Friday, September 5th,

Had good roads, rather dusty, stopped early for dinner on the Humboldt. Here we are obliged to separate, some of the train go the Honey Lake Route and some the Carson river route. We and 24 others go the latter one.

The Capt. goes with the former. We seem like a family of children without a father. We think he is the best Capt. on the road. Some could hardly refrain from shedding tears, at parting - tears came into the Capt's eyes as he bade them goodbye. I never saw so much alkali as there is on this river, in some places it is nearly an inch deep on the ground, it looks as if there had been a light snowfall. Came on and encamped on the river. Then, the Capt. and his men came also soon after as they could find no ford across the river.

Saturday, September 6th,

Started this morning in our usual form excepting the few who are gone. The roads were real sandy. Two very hard hills to go up. Nooned by the river again. There the men collected and elected a new Capt. his name is Wood. I think he will be a good one, he and his wife have been through once before. He was Capt. when he went before. There were twenty or thirty Indians came in last night from Salmon River mines. They could most all speak English quite well, they live in Humboldt City. They say there is no gold in Salmon River mines.

Sunday, September 7th,

Did not start very early this morning, most of the road is good, now and then a little sand. We travel most of the time near the river. Nooned early, we have heard that we have a fifteen mile drive without water or feed. Camped on the river, had good grass. Some of the train had a dance but we did not join them.

Monday, September 8th,

Started soon after sunrise this morning, traveled four or five miles when we came to the forks of the road, one going to Buena Vista the other to Humboldt City. The Capt. and all of the train except seven wagons (ourselves included with the seven) went to the former place, and we after a fifteen mile drive without water or feed arrived within sight of Humboldt City. Here we found no grass, the cattle just had to browse willows. We here heard such discouraging accounts of our road to Carson River that the female portion of our little train are almost discouraged. We sat by moonlight and discussed matters till near eleven o'clock. Had quite a number of gentlemen visitors during the evening. They say there is no grass between here and Carson River. If not I don't know what we can do.

Tuesday, September 9th,

When we arose the men told us that if we were in a hurry with our work we might have time to walk up to see the city, so we hurried. Lucy and I, Mrs. McMillin and Annie went. We found it a long walk. I should think a

mile all of the way up hill. There are some twenty or twenty-five buildings, some of them rough stone and some adobe, some plastered and some not (on the outside) mostly covered with cotton cloth. We called to see a woman who has a sick husband. They are emigrants, have only been here a week, are waiting for him to recover. He has the typhoid fever; they wish to cross the Nevada range this fall. Provisions are very high here. Flour is thirteen dollars per cwt., coffee 75 cents per pound, sugar three pounds for a dollar, bacon 35 cts. per pound. Mrs. McMillin and Annie went into a house and staid a few minutes, when she came out she said she intended to stay there and in the face of all the opposition we raised she staid. There were none of us that had any more than provisions enough to last through and some I fear not enough, so Gus was obliged to stay too. I was sorry to leave him this side of Cal. as long as he started with us and is an old acquaintance. I was very sorry to leave Mrs. Mc., it does not seem like a good place for a woman to stay, there are only four families here, the rest are single men. We came on six or eight miles and stopped without much grass for noon. (I am just as homesick as I can be.) I chanced to make this remark and Albert has written it down. We had a rough road all of the afternoon, camped at what is called Butchers Canyon, there are three young men here, staying to recruit their teams. Took the cattle up on the mountains for feed.

Wednesday, September 10th,

Left our camp early, had a rough road till near noon when we went down on what is called the river road, traveled fifteen miles without water or grass. Camped at night in River Canyon, had good bunch grass by driving the cattle up on the bluffs, had Humboldt water to drink, it is not as bad as it was up farther.

Thursday, September 11th,

As the grass and water were good we thought it a good time to recruit our teams and stay a day. Ellen and I washed in the forenoon and Lou in the afternoon. We made some pies and bread. We have no tea or coffee for over a week. We bought a little bacon, paid 35 cts. per pound. The boys swam the river and got a large quantity of blueberries, they grow on a large thorn bush, they are red and about the size of a large pea, are excellent for pies. In the evening we were very pleasantly astonished to see Mrs. McMillin and Gus drive up. She found it would be too expensive living in the city through the winter so came on.

Friday, September 12th,

Started early this morning, went three miles and came to a station close by the river, went seven miles and came to another, by the river soon met three teams of

freighters, they were taking a quartz mill to Star Canyon. Stopped for noon, had good bunch grass but no water, watered back two miles, came on till we came to the alkali flats where the grass was poor and the men had to wade in near half a mile to get water for the stock. They only had half a pail full apiece.

Saturday, September 13th,

We did not stop to get breakfast this morning, left before sunrise, had traveled two or three miles when Old Bill, our horse, gave out, he was so weak that he could not draw any longer. He is nothing but skin and bone. We unharnessed them and fed him a little flour and led him on till we came to a station. Mrs. McMillin let us have one yoke long enough to draw one wagon to the station, here we got breakfast. Sold our small wagon for a dressed sheep and a hundred pounds of hay, a large price for a wagon. A man offered Albert 20 dollars for Old Bill but we thought we could trade him for a good pony so did not take it. Soon after leaving the station we came on to the shore of Humboldt Lake, followed it down till near sundown, when we were obliged to leave the horse, left him some hay. Soon after the rain began to fall, a very rare thing here, it rained till ten o'clock, did not get camped till ten. It was dark as pitch, staid at a station at the outlet of the lake.

Sunday, September 14th,

The sun shone as brightly this morning as if it had never rained. Albert ate his breakfast and went back for Old Bill. He went seven miles and got him to within two miles of the station and had to leave him. When he got back he went to see the station keeper to see if he would give him any thing for him, at last he got an old saddle for him. Our one yoke of oxen have to draw all of the load, which is very hard. Ellen and Will Jones got a chance to go to Virginia City free of charge for which we were very glad on account of our heavy load. We are nearly out of provisions too. We have to pay five cts. per lb. for hay. Albert ~~sold~~ sold his whiffletrees and neck yoke for five and a half dollars. We had ten miles to go to get to the desert, got there at four o'clock, crossed the ferry, a kind of slough, which connects Carson and Humboldt Lakes. The charge for crossing was 1.50. We stopped to get supper and feed the stock and fill our vessels with water. Albert went to the ferryman to see if he could not get a little coffee to make in the night. He had none to sell but he gave us nearly a pound. We got started across the dreaded desert just after sundown. The other four teams got the start of us nearly an hour. We traveled till one o'clock then stopped and gave the teams some feed and ate some bread, pie, and mutton, built a little camp fire and warmed ourselves, staid an hour and went on again. Lou and I walked a good deal. The roads

1862

- 42 -

Jane A. Couler: Her Journal

are literally lined with wagon irons and keg hoops and piles of bones every few yards rods.

Monday, September 15th,

We came to the last ten miles of the desert (which is all bad sand) at just before daylight, stopped again and fed and made some coffee, some of the stock would not drink at all, the road is the worst I ever saw. Lou and I walked the whole ten miles till we came to within a mile of Ragtown. We saw the trees on Carson River and thought we were most there but we kept going and going and it seemed as I never could get there. Charley was obliged to leave one of his cows only six miles from the ferry. She was not in the yoke. She was so weak she could not go any longer. We got to Ragtown about two o'clock in the afternoon, our teams were nearly tired out. We went a mile above the town (which consists of one house) and camped with the other four teams. We fed the teams some hay and staid all night.

Tuesday, September 16th,

Arose early this morning and left. Went six miles farther up where there was good feed and had the pleasure of driving our wagons under some cottonwood trees which made a good shade. Mrs. McMillin and our two teams were all that spent the rest of the day here. Mr. Church lost another ox yesterday. He was sick one day.

Wednesday, September 17th,

We started late this morning with the intention of going six miles, passed two stations and after going ten miles nooned, but on account of there being no feed we shall go six miles farther. Had to go to the river, there is a station here it is called Honey Lake Smiths. The feed is very poor.

Thursday, September 18th,

Did not travel today, the boys worked some for some hay. Lou washed. There is a large goog looking house here. Mrs. McMillin went on this morning.

Friday, September 19th,

Had twentyone miles to go today without grass. Traveled twelve miles to a well here, we watered and fed some hay and ate some dinner ourselves. Were quite surprised to find Ellen here, she had hired out for a month for twenty dollars. Her husband is at Virginia City working for fifty dollars per month. After coming five miles farther we came to another well and a tent for a station. Found Mrs. McMillin here just ready to go, went on together a mile and a half. Lou and I and she

1862

* 43 - Jane A. Gould: Her Journal

and Annie walked so as to visit, at the end of the mile and a half they turned off for the ~~city~~ City and we went on to the river, arrived there sometime after dark. Came on with the telograph once more, very glad to see it once more.

Saturday, September 20th,

Met some people that we traveled with on Platte River, they went the Salt & Lake route, both came here to this place on the same day. When the men went for the stock they got three cows mired, one of them had to be dug out with a shovel and then drawn out by the oxen. She was so weak that she could not stand for some time but after a short time she was so as to be driven six miles up the river where we stopped at noon and staid till the next morning. Here at this ranche we found Dick Pritchard one of our acquaintances from Mitchell Co. Iowa. He has the ague. Sanford of the Wapain was there too.

Sunday, September 21st,

Did not start till late, the boys had some trouble about finding the cattle. After going four miles we came to Dayton, a nice village of one hundred or more houses, they have all been built since spring. They are of pine lumber which sells for 60 dollars per thousand. The town is very lively, there is a quartz mill there in operation and on Sunday too. Fresh fruit sells here for 25 cents per pound, apples, peaches, pears, and grapes. Did not stop for dinner, there are houses and public wells all along on the road to Empire City which is ten miles from Dayton. We staid at Empire all night. This town is not as large as Dayton but the streets are full of freight wagons. We see a great many fruit wagons here from Cal. There is a quartz mill here also. Money seems to be plenty, buildings going up fast, here is the place to make money especially for a man without a family. Can (get) fifty dollars and board per month for most any kind of work, and mechanics get more.

Monday, September 22nd,

The men looked around some this morning so we did not get away very early. After going some five miles we saw Carson City off to the right, we only went to within three miles of there. There is a great deal of freighting going on from Cal. over here, all kinds of provisions and groceries and fruits. Such large wagons as they use with six and eight miles or horses to a team carrying from three to six ton. I never saw horses and mules in better condition than those used for teaming. Albert bought some turnips today, paid five cts. per pound, they were very fine ones, were raised here. Saw some small patches of corn today, it is rather small. Camped at

night at a rancho, had to get our teams ranched, paid 12 cts. per head.

Tuesday, September 23rd,

Had an early start ~~this~~ but did not get along very fast for we stopped so much. Albert sold his harness and rifle at the town for fifteen dollars cash. of Genoa Charlie sold a good Colts revolver for six dollars. They bought some potatoes, the first we have had since the other side of Ft. Laramie, also some syrup and beef and bacon. Lou and I had to get some new shoes, we got them here for about the same price that we used to pay in the States. Passed the Blacerville toll road some time after noon to go on and take what is called the Big Tree route, there are three traveled roads through the mountains. The two I have just mentioned and what is called the Honnis Pass, which is farther north than the other two. We see some nice fields here. Camped near Fisher's store, tavern, and rancho, hired the teams ranched.

Wednesday, September 24th,

Left camp early, traveled seven miles before we entered the mouth of Carson Canyon, nooned without feed, rested and watered the cattle, paid toll for a bridge and the Canyon road. The road is rather rough but not as bad as some we have seen on the Landers Route through the Bear River Mountains. Did not get camped till sometime after dark, staid in Hope Valley. Hired the teams ranched again, 20 cts. per head. The ranchman told us there was seven inches of snow fell here on the 21st of this month. Bought some nice onions paid ten cts. per pound.

Thursday, September 25th,

Did not start early on account of our late drive yesterday. We made some elderberry pies, there are a great many of these berries in the mountains, they are the sour ones which make better pies than the sweet ones. The road is very rocky. Nooned on Carson River, ate our dinner by the side of a large rock. Have met a number of pack trains, they are very heavily laden, it seems too bad for the poor creatures to have to carry such great loads, they are driven by Creosers and Spaniards and Pay-Ute Indians. Camped in Faith Valley, paid for ranching the cattle. Our reason for coming this route was we thought there was free feed and have had none yet.

Friday, September 26th,

Left early this morning, had a good road for three or four miles, came through Charity Valley. There are some of the most beautiful little valleys in these mountains, they are covered with bright, fresh looking

flowers, the larkspur, bluebell, honeysuckle, and red flowers such as grow in Iowa and Illinois, they look as if it was spring. After traveling seven miles we crossed the summit, it was a gradual ascent. We are now in Cal. There are numerous little lakes surrounded with good grass. Nooned near one of them, our first dinner in Cal. had tea, bread, milk and pie. A pack train passed while we were eating. Came to river expecting to find free grass but 'twas fenced, 'twas near sundown when we passed, started up the hill which is four miles long, went up nearly a mile, found a place that we could drive out one side of the road and did so, thought we would let the cattle pick what they could find. After turning them out the men went in search of grass and were very glad to find they could get the best of fresh green bunch grass.

Saturday, September 27th,

Had an early breakfast and started up the hill. We were willing to believe that it was four miles long by the time we got to the top, it is a mountain not a hill. Nooned without much food. People living in the states have no idea how rough mountain roads can be. Camped in a small valley near a house that the roof was broken in last winter by the snow. We had a splendid campfire in the evening, sat up till late.

Sunday, Sept. 28th,

Had some trouble this morning about finding our cattle, soon after starting had a very long steep hill to climb. The timber through here is fir and pine of two kinds, nut pine and white pine. About ten o'clock we came to a new road, it is pretty well worked. The weather is very cold, we cannot ride all of the time on account of it. We are somewhat afraid of a snow storm while we are here. We found some of the nicest large gooseberries I ever saw, they are prickly. We nooned on the side of the road in the timber, built a large campfire but that did not keep us warm on both sides. Did not camp till near sundown, camped in a pine forest, a very dusty place. Saw a very little oak today for the first time since we left Iowa, it grows gnarly.

Monday, Sept. 29th,

'Twas very cool this morning when we started. The boys think it quite a hardship to ride the horse and more so this cold weather. Came through the most beautiful timber I ever saw, passed the large tree called the Mother of the Forest, it is 78 feet in circumference and 360 ft. high, there is a staging built around it up 160 feet from the ground, there are names cut in the wood all over it, it is redwood. I thought it was as large as a tree could be but I found soon after that there was one still larger. After going half a mile we came to the

famous Big Tree hotel, it is a large three story frame house, richly furnished and well kept (so I am informed). After getting our early supper we went to inspect the grove of world renowned large trees. We went through the grove, saw the Three Sisters, one has been killed by fire, The Bride of the Forest, the Pioneers Cabin, the Miners Cabin, Uncle Tom's Cabin, George Washington, and a great many other large trees with names, the name is on a tin placard nailed on the tree, the height and size of the tree. I don't believe this grove has its equal in the world. Lou and I had a little swing. There are several swings in the grove, at last we went to see the Big Tree, it has been cut down, it took two men 27 days, it is bored with augers, it is 29 feet in diameter, on the stump is a ball room, it is sixteen sided round top and green blinds for door and windows, it is plenty large enough for one set to dance, the top of the stump is smoothed so there is no floor but that except where it is filled in around the outside. Lou and I danced the schottische on it, the bottom part of the log is near, there is a ladder 30 feet long to climb up on it, we went on to it, it is covered with names. There is a bowling alley on the remainder of the tree as it lays. We were all through it. Mr. Graham, the owner of the premises, has from forty to sixty boarders all through the summer who come there to rusticate, besides having visitors from all parts of America and some from Europe to see the wonderful forest, the scenery is beautiful. There are some ladies there now from Stockton and Sonora, also some from the other cities of Cal. There are saddle horses and carriages and horses kept here for the use of visitors. We met today a gentleman after his children over to Carson City. We have some information about them, they came through in our train after the Indian robbery, were among the robbed. He was very much pleased to hear from them and to show his gratitude gave us some two dozen pears and apples, the first Cal. fruit we had eaten.

Tuesday, September 30th,

The forest is beautiful this forenoon, the country hilly, passed several ranches, arrived near night at Murphy's, a village of 200 or more houses, it is a mining town. There is a good deal of business done here. There is considerable fruit growing, some of it has been gathered. They raise apples, peaches, pears, and grapes. Albert bought some grapes and apples. I prefer the grapes to all others, grapes are six cts. per pound. Charley got some sweet potatoes, they are four cts. per pound. We also had some peaches but they were not ripe and were not very good, but very large. We see some live oak today.

Wednesday, October 1st,

Our roads today are rather rough. I walked on before the teams two miles or more, called at a farm for a drink and to rest, had the pleasure of sitting in a large rocking chair, the first time for five months, they (had)

plenty of fruit-trees. Albert called for me and bought some fine grapes and a pail of tomatoes, the lady of the house gave me some roses and verbenas, they were beautiful and fragrant too. Nooned on a hill; had bunch grass for the teams. I have a sore nose today by way of variety. We came by a distillery and in sight of a little town by the name of Altaville. Have passed through a good deal of old mining ground, the country is not settled much. We are in the foothills yet. The grass and woods are perfectly dry, it looks strange to see the face of the earth so dry and the trees all so green, just as green as they were in spring. Camped in some oak openings, ranched our cattle. All the water they use here comes from the mountains brought in spouts.

Thursday, October 2nd,

The roads are hilly yet. I never saw so dry looking a country. Most of the buildings we have seen today are little miners' huts, the country is all dug over and cut up with sluices. Did not stop for dinner. Passed a reservoir to keep water for the purpose of mining. Camped opposite a hotel under some fine oak shade trees, two of the girls came to see us in the evening, they told us we would be out of the hills in two miles more travel.

Friday, October 3rd,

Left our encampment early. After a few miles we came to more level country but so dry and uncultivated. Nooned by a creek near a house, bought hay. Had twelve miles to go without food or water for the cattle, there was one old house but was vacant. Arrived at the first house in the settlement of the San Joaquin Valley. On this road at ten o'clock at night, the moon shone brightly, we pitched our tent and got supper. In this part of the country all of the water is pumped by the power of windmills. The orchards are not as they are in the states, they are so small and the trees so near together. Every garden and orchard has its windmill to irrigate it. Saw today Mount Diablo, the highest mountain in Cal. it is in the coast range.

Saturday, October 4th,

Were within twelve miles of Stockton this morning, thought we could only go to ~~tyon~~ and see if we could find a place to settle ourselves in for the winter. Came into a farming country, very large ranches and good houses, they raise grain without irrigation, raise forty and fifty bushels to the acre. Charlie and Albert are looking for situations today. Called at a large house where there was an orchard, bought us a treat of fruit, apples, peaches, pears, figs and grapes. The peaches were 5 cts. per pound, the grapes 6, the apples 8, pears 10, the figs 12. Figs are a very sweet rich fruit, two

or three are as many as one cares to eat, although they are small. It began raining about two o'clock. We camped in a field opposite a fine house. At three o'clock the master of the house told us to come and get all of the tomatoes we could use, it was quite a treat to us. We went to get a nail of potatoes, he also gave these to us. Rained till dark then cleared off. The house cost fourteen thousand dollars.

Sunday, October 5th,

Staid here in the same place for the purpose of looking around and resting the teams and ourselves. Are within two miles of town. Borrowed some papers at the house to read. After we had gone to bed we heard the alarm bell ring, looked out and saw a large bright fire, it was in town, the firemen came but were too late, the house burned to the ground.

Monday, October 6th,

Lou washed today, the men went to town to see what was to be seen and done. Albert came home sick, went to bed and did not sit up but a few minutes the rest of the day, they found no place that suited them. Mrs. Burkett, the lady of the house, called over to see us, was quite pleasant. She and her husband also called in the evening. There was raised forty bushels to the acre of volunteer wheat on this place this year. That is where the wheat of last year came up from, what was wasted while harvesting. The water was so high here in this field that the ground could not be ploughed or sowed but still they got a good crop of wheat. They don't plant tomatoes but once, they selfsow. The garden and young fruit trees and flowers here look like early spring, just as fresh. The hay that is made is oat hay, cut while the oat is green. We see no other kind, it is a very common thing to raise a good crop of hay on an oat field of the last year, what they call a volunteer crop. I never saw as nice wheat as we see here, and beautiful fine flour. Hiram is at work chopping wood, gets one dollar per day and his board. Times are said to be very dull here, it seems so to us.

Tuesday, October 7th,

Are still staying here. Albert seems to be no better. I almost have the "blues" having to camp out and Albert sick too. While speaking of figs I forgot to say that they bear all of the time from June till November. This day seems long. I can't sit myself to sowing although I have so much to do.

1862

- 49 - Jane A. Gould: Her Journal

Wednesday, October 8th,

Arose this morning with the intention of going to town. Lou and I went over a few minutes to call on Mrs. Burkett, she had a visitor from town, she regaled us with some very fine peaches. Went to town and pitched our tent. A lady called by the fence and told us of a house to rent, also gave us some green corn, the first we have had this year. Charlie went with her to the house, made a bargain provided it pleased all around, which it did. We picked up and went right over. Slept in a house the first time for over five months. The house is one block east of the Lunatic Asylum, the block which intervenes is vacant. We are to board the owner of the house, Mr. Bray, the house is quite convenient. We pay ten dollars per month rent, the house is over half a mile from the business part of town.

Farewell to the old journal.

JANE A. GOULD

FAMILY RECORD
1862

Goulds

Jane Augusta (Holbrook) Gould
 Albert H. Gould - her husband - died 1863
 George Albert - her son - born 1853
 Frank Horace - " " - " 1855
 Lucy (Gould) Wyman - Albert's sister
 Charles A. Wyman - Lucy's husband

1951

George A. grew to manhood in Santa Clara county, California, then moved to Douglas county, Oregon, and from there to Coos county; died 1921.
 His son, Bert Gould, civil engineer, Coquille, Ore.
 " " Clarence, lumberman, Allegany, Ore.
 " " George L., stockman, Arizona.
 Daughter, Lucy, Mrs. B. C. Barker, Myrtle Point, Ore.
 " Georgia, Mrs. Dr. James Richmond, Coquille, Ore.
 Frank H. served two terms in California state legislature, practiced law many years in San Francisco, Calif.; died 1918.
 His son, Edward B., many years police judge, Lindsay, Calif.; retired and living near Coquille, Ore.
 " " Albert H., machinist, Stockton, Calif.
 Daughter, Gladys, Mrs. Ronaldo Jeffery, Stockton, Calif.

Tourtillotts

Levi Lancaster, born in Penobscot county, Maine, 1836; came, 1859, via emigrant train from Lee county, Illinois, to Porterville, Calif.; later on to San Jose, Calif., where he met and married Jane A. Gould February 21, 1864.
 Their son, Howard H., machinist, Lindsay, Calif.; died 1936.
 Howard's son, Raymond H., colonel U. S. Army, now with MacArthur in Japan.
 Daughter, Irma Cloary, teacher, Exeter, Calif.
 " Grace McDonald, nurse, San Francisco.
 " Ernest L., farmer, Lindsay, Calif.; died 1927.
 His son, Carter L., machinist, 862 Shotwell St., San Francisco, Calif.
 Daughter, Gertrude, Mrs. Dr. J. A. Cutting, Agnew, Calif.
 " Ruth, Mrs. Paul Chambers, Exeter, Calif.
 Daughter, Millie Augusta, unmarried; artist; died 1911.
 Their son, Walter W., physician, Porterville, Calif.; retired; age 78.
 Daughter, Mary Jane, Mrs. Sam Stassi, Porterville.
 " Irma Lou, Mrs. Jack Molesborg, Redwood City, Calif.
 " Carla Mae, student, Porterville, Calif.
 " Truo T., business manager California State Hospital for Insane; retired; age 80 years.
 His son, Truo Sherburne, principal Intermediate School, Quincy, Calif.

JANE A. GOULD TOURTILLOTT : 1833-1917
Descended from William Brasford, Mayflower Pilgrim
and Governor of the Plymouth Colonies

From Stockton, where her diary terminated, they moved to Lexington, Santa Clara county, California, where Albert found employment as a millwright at Mc Millan's saw-mill three miles south of the town of Los Gatos. Albert died within a year and Jane worked as cook for the loggers and mill hands with the same organization.

Levi Tourtillott was also employed there driving bull-team in the logging camp.

Jane and Levi were married February 20, 1864. In 1865 they moved to a ranch Levi had acquired through the Federal Homestead Act. This ranch was in the mountains fifteen miles east of San Jose. They had tough times maintaining their toe-hold there. Shortly after they occupied the place the City of San Jose claimed the place by virtue of an old Spanish law called the Pueblo Land Title Act. Levi paid their price of \$5.00 an acre for the 320 acres.

Shortly thereafter, another claimant appeared in the person of General Hagloe armed with a Spanish Grant deed issued to him for outstanding military service. This claim was also paid. I do not know the amount.

Levi was suffering from a heart ailment due to inflammatory rheumatism contracted while working in the woods. In 1874 he leased the ranch and moved the family to San Jose. He grew progressively worse and died in October, 1876.

Jane ~~gave~~ and her family of four boys and one girl then took residence with her married son, George Gould, in the mountains east of Morgan Hill, Santa Clara county, California. When the lease on the ranch expired in 1878 she returned to the old homestead where she lived with her brood until 1896 when, her boys having grown to manhood and found employment away from home, she and her daughter Millie were moved to San Jose, Calif. Millie died in 1911 and Jane followed her in 1917 at the age of 84.

During all those years of privation we never knew our mother to show the slightest degree of defeatism or lack of faith that, no matter what problems confronted us, all would be well in the end. There were many, many occasions when a weaker heart or one with less faith in the wisdom of the Creator might well have given up in despair. Always calm and always cheerful, she radiated sunshine and courage to those with whom she came in contact, and her high sense of truth and justice commanded the respect and admiration of all right-thinking people.

A neighbor once remarked when she observed mother driving a team of horses on a return trip from the village with her flock of five youngsters luddled about her in the old spring wagon, "There goes the Queen of Mothers."

And that's just what she was, God bless her.

T. T. TOURTILLOTT.

